

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Ring, Collar, and a One, Two, Three

JOSEPH J. BRANKEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1944-1945

A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN DAIRY FARMING, I BOUGHT A purebred Holstein bull calf. Ink, as we later called him, was extremely handsome. He was beautifully marked, had a very straight back, a fine head and was put up in a truly regal manner. Needless to say, I was very, very proud of him. I had always been wary of bulls, even young bulls, but Ink—well, I almost loved him.

Fine cattle were more to me than pretty girls—at that time. Every day Ink was put through his training program, for I hoped to show him at the fairs. By the time he was a year old, he knew the meaning of Giddap and Whoa. He later learned to back up like a horse, to walk very slowly like a king, and to trot, to canter, and to gallop with the speed and force of a thundering locomotive. I smile with pride in thinking back to the time when we used to race down our driveway, he a good two thousand pounds of hurtling bull, and I merely a hundred-seventy-pound human being. What a sight it must have been—Ink pounding along, his massive head way above mine, and our feet flashing in a whirl like a fast turning automobile wheel. What fun we had! How we both used to draw in great breaths of air, how our chests heaved after our efforts.

Now Ink wasn't much different from other bulls in at least one respect. He was a bull and had ideas of his own occasionally. After we had started some particular part of his training, it was always my rule to finish it; I'd never give in, no matter how long it took. A bull should not get the idea that he is master, if one is going to handle him correctly. Another must is that a bull should be dehorned. Accordingly Ink lost his horns as a yearling, and also according to custom was presented with a nose ring. A year later this light ring was exchanged for a very substantial brass ring in keeping with his size. It was so large that one could get three large fingers in it and allow plenty of freedom for Ink's nose. Another part of his jewelry was a strong, shiny, chain collar used in leading him about.

Well, Ink and I led a joyous life for some time. We'd see each other at feeding time when he would hungrily lick up his silage and ground feed and munch his pea green alfalfa hay. He would slurp and gurgle water from the automatic drinking fountain at his side. Sometimes he would become exasperated with being in the barn and would violently shake his head and stanchion so that the whole building rang.

One morning while preparing to milk I noticed that Ink was absent. Hmmm, I thought, he's broken out of his stall. Wonder how far he's gone. Hope not far; got to get the milking done before the milkman comes. After scouting around a little, I saw the old boy standing about an eighth of a mile away in the alfalfa field. Well, it was his feeding time, and allowing a mature bull to run about the country wasn't ethical even if it was Ink; so I started out to bring him home, nerving myself while walking in order to have maximum strength and thinking power ready when we met. I had no fear of him; I was merely going to bring him back, put him in the barn, and feed him.

While walking I noticed how nice and green the alfalfa was that year; it was well advanced and the prospect of a heavy crop was good. It was at this time that I noticed that Ink was not cropping the luscious legume, but was standing sideways, looking at me with a strange and ominous glint in his eyes. His head was held high, with crest acutely arched and muzzle turned inward. As I came closer he let his tongue hang out, dripping saliva, and emitted a deep, rumbling grumble from the caverns of his chest and throat. In his eyes I could see lightning as of an approaching storm.

I was in no mood to be frightened and was determined to win him back. Why shouldn't we be friends? We had done so much together. And, after all, I came out to bring him back, and we were going home together—that was all there was to it.

"Hello there, Ink, old boy," I said. "You're a good old fellow, aren't you?" As I spoke I rubbed his silky hide and ran my fingers through the longer, curly hair on the top of his neck. Ink relaxed a bit, probably did some thinking and became more at ease. With smooth, sure movement I put the fingers of my left hand in his nose ring and took firm hold upon his chain collar with my right. "Come on, Ink, old boy, let's go home," I said, and we started down the hill towards the buildings.

Ink was inclined to go, and then again he wasn't. He walked along easily for a little way, then walked stiffly. Finally he wouldn't walk at all, and suddenly balked and wheeled upon me with surprising alacrity for an animal that size. But I was ready for him. I had long studied his behavior patterns and learned how to protect myself from his various methods of attack. Once more everything was under control and we started. Several yards farther again Ink wheeled. We stopped, agreed a second time, and started off. Apparently Ink didn't like being over-ruled, for he became desperate and wheeled again, again, and again.

We were not covering distance very fast as our path described a wild circling in a general direction, something like the movement and path of a tornado, but by this time we were near the bare ground by the barn, and I thought, we've come this far—with any luck we ought to be in the barn soon.

About this time old Ink seemingly reached the conclusion that I was too small a ruler for his mighty, muscular body and began a spasmodic attack of wheeling, lunging, and attempted butting. At this same instant I realized his conclusion and prepared for the attack, still holding to his nose ring and chain collar. He may be a good friend, but under the circumstances this is an all-out fight, and anything goes in order to "bring him to time," I thought.

We went at it fast and hard—Ink wheeling, lunging, butting. I wheeled with him, spoke to him, tried to calm him. He wouldn't be calmed. The battle became wilder and more deadly. I threw my every muscle, every nerve, my full mind and all my energy into combat. I buried my fist in his side again and again; I twisted his nose ring—but to little avail. As I held his ring and collar, he swung me about like a cork on the end of a line. It was all I could do to keep my feet. Finally he drove me to the ground. His hot breath blew in my face, his eyes bolted fire, his great head mauled my own head and chest. A dull knell of defeat rang through my entire being. It was no use; the odds were too great. I seemed to be outside of a transparent shell, looking in upon myself. To me things looked desperate for that fellow down there. If ever he was weary of life, now would be a good time to move on. For an instant I was lost, but the instinct of self-preservation came to my rescue; I struggled frantically and regained my feet. I was furious to think that I may have given up and that Ink should "take" me. We're going to the barn yet, old boy, I thought. After I regained partial control, we started again, but not for more than two steps—we went at it again.

There was little sound in our strife except for the scuffling and pounding of the dusty ground with our feet. We went this way and that, up and down, with me falling to my knees, getting up again, twisting his ring until my fingers were torn and bleeding, hammering my nerveless fist into his ribs, breathing with great, rapid gasps, trying to figure out how to whip him.

Suddenly all power seemed to drain away and I knew that I could not last much longer, that I needed help urgently. Never before or after have I called for help, but I did call then in a clear, ringing voice that surprised me. The next moment I was down again, fighting madly, with Ink's head coming down, again and again, his front feet trying to trample me. This was bad, very bad. The end could not be far off. My body fought on by itself. Everything was confused and hazy. I felt nothing.

Dimly I could hear someone yelling. I must have been on my feet, for he was yelling, "Run, Run!" In a split second the thought of continuing the battle and putting Ink into the barn came to me; I did not want to give up. In the other half of that split second I reasoned that the carpenter, who was working on our farm and was yelling to me, knew best under the circumstances. Breaking loose, I ran around a haystack and under a fence just in time to get out of Ink's onrushing path. He stood at the fence, glaring triumphantly as I staggered into the barn.

Riposte and Touché

JUNE NIXON

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1944-1945

MARK AND LEE FOUGHT FIRST; HOWARD AND I WERE the two judges; and Bruce officiated as referee. To all appearances, it was an uneven fencing match, since Lee had a "reach" of at least one foot more than Mark and was decidedly more agile; but Mark had a wrist of steel (as I had discovered in previous encounters) and remarkable endurance in his short, stocky Saxon body, while Lee was slender and inclined to fatigue himself with unnecessary movements. Their foils crossed over the referee's.

"Step back," commanded Bruce. Each stepped back a pace, so that there was a distance of about a foot between the rubber tips of their foils.

"Fence!" came the referee's signal. The two foils crossed again with the anticipatory whisper of tempered steel, and the two opponents watched each other closely, each seeking for a weak point in the other's defense.

Suddenly and recklessly, Lee lunged at Mark, who easily parried the blow and riposted quickly to score the first "touch." Twice more Mark, aided by his opponent's overeager impatience, "touched" Lee with unhurried ease.

The two tired contestants gladly exchanged places with Howard and me. I was not very willing to make the change, however; in fact, I was scared. Howard was a very good fencer, despite a physical handicap of which he supposed me ignorant; and I had early learned that I could expect no quarter from him simply because I was a girl.

As our foils crossed over Bruce's, my lips were already parted by the quick breath of excitement, and through my mind flashed one thought, "Don't take the offensive; you'll do well if you just maintain a good defense."

"Step back!" came Bruce's command from a great distance, and we stepped back a pace with a half-saluting movement.

"Fence!" Our blades slithered together: mine, quivering with uncertainty, his expertly feeling for the weakness in my guard. Behind the large mesh of his mask I could see his gray eyes fixed calmly and confidently on the trembling tip of my foil. "Why doesn't he lunge?" I thought, and in desperation I began the encounter with an exploratory lunge. With a barely perceptible twist of his wrist, Howard parried my awkward attempt and scored the first "touch" with what seemed a lightning-like riposte.

I was surprised and provoked at my lack of skill. "Careful, girl," I admonished myself. "Keep your guard up, and don't take your eyes off his blade!" I rested patiently in the approved crouching position, and he was

forced to take the initiative and lunge. To my amazement, I parried the manoeuvre with a fair degree of skill and speed, and managed a riposte, from which he had to retreat. My confidence grew apace, and I essayed another lunge, which was unwise: for the second time his blade leaped toward me and touched smartly the heavily padded jacket I wore.

"Now, that's enough," I promised myself, unconsciously drawing my lips back from my teeth in contempt of my unskilled fencing. "You're not going to let him score the third 'touch.'"

To my complete amazement, Howard did not "touch" me for the third time. Compelled by his vastly superior skill to maintain a steadfast alertness, I contrived to match every manoeuvre he made. We fenced relentlessly until I felt my breath drive into my lungs in short, stabbing gasps, and my knees tremble with the constant, cramped movement. I was determined, however, not to ask for quarter, but to continue, if need be, until I collapsed. As my determination renewed my strength, Howard stopped and confessed breathlessly that he was unable to "touch" me the third time.

Although he had undoubtedly won the match, it was highly gratifying to me to realize that I had made winning difficult for him. My supreme thrill, however, was Bruce's pleased smile and rather self-conscious praise.

"That was good fencing, June; I think you're beginning to get the idea of it."

The Duel in the Short Shrubbery

Produced by R. L. Stevenson

Reproduced by EUGENE REZWINE

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1944-1945

ACTING LIKE A VETERAN MAGICIAN IN THE MIDST OF a conjuration, Mr. Henry waved the last lump of plum pudding away with his silver spoon. He patted his lips deftly and opened his mouth to speak. The Master made a magnificent leap from his chair to the top of the table, landing on both feet, well astride the asparagus.

"Enough!" he bellowed, and his cheeks puffed. "It is a duel; my life or yours. I must have satisfaction!"

"But, gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, "there are still the tea and crumpets."

Both men resumed their former positions; I helped to wipe some of the vegetable off the Master. They gobbled up the crumpets, and I filled them up with tea, but soon they were saturated and could hold no more. I could see the inward fire of the Master flare up again.

He pounded the table with his bony hand, shouting, "Henry, you can't escape me forever. I own all Ballantrae, and you are not the one to sit in my chair. We will settle this with cold steel, now!"

And I swear that the Master licked his chops as he jumped gleefully up and down like a happy bumpkin. I rushed up to the men and shouted in the Master's ear.

"Sir," I cried, "the evening paper has arrived."

The Master looked at me dumbfoundedly and turned immediately to the stock report.

Time clapped its hands; another hour elapsed.

The Master threw down the paper with a crash and stomped over to Mr. Henry, grabbing him by the collar.

"Henry!" he yelled, looking magnificently into his brother's face, "you are a threat to my existence. You make my life miserable. I'll have your head!"

Walking coquettishly into the room like a coy maiden, I spoke out softly, "Cigars?" The Master was the first to approach me; he took a handful of the weeds. Both men walked out into the moonlit garden; I followed with a receptacle for the ash. The Master took final breath of his cigar, tossed it beautifully onto the green, as though he had practiced considerably.

He produced two swords of deadly length and, presenting one to Henry, roared, "Vile creature that thou art! We shall have the moon to judge this combat, and the shining stars to jury it. Think not of the future, Henry, for you have a river to cross and a mountain to climb before you can walk in the valley of certainty. In this game the loser is destroyed. *En garde!*"

I stepped under the arch formed by the crossed blades and said in a gentle yet firm voice, "Master, bed-time."

We re-entered the house in single file: the Master, walking dazedly, led; I, fully conscious of my role, followed him; and Henry, defiantly chewing on a blade of grass, brought up the rear.

Hello, George

FRANK PACELLI

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1944-1945

THE DAY BROKE BRIGHT AND HOT. THE BLISTERING sun, beating down on the New York pavement, made me lazy. The day had just begun, and it was going to be a long one for me—another monotonous day of knocking on theatrical agents' doors and receiving the inevitable answer. It was sometimes good to hear "Sorry, no casting

today," just for the sake of variety. The latter always sounded like an invitation to come back and try again, whereas "No" always reminded me of "Get out, and stay out!"

I had been trying to get a job in the theatre for nearly five months, and thus far I had had no luck. I was tired of pounding the same old beat. I was weary of being refused the chance at least to read for a part.

I'll take the day off, I thought. That would build up my morale, which by this time was well crushed. I had fifty cents, and with that I could buy the town, or the part of it that I wanted. There was Central Park, where I could feed the squirrels, and The Museum of Modern Art, where I could feed myself the food I really wanted.

I spent my first nickel on a "coke" at the corner drug store. I picked up the morning newspaper, which someone had left lying on the table, and glanced through the *Theatre News*. Gordon Hughes! That name struck a familiar note. Oh, yes! A friend of mine once told me to see Mr. Hughes, but the only trouble was that Mr. Hughes was "not in." I read further. It said that Mr. Hughes was casting *The Family*. I knew there was a part in it for me.

"Now is the time to see the elusive Mr. Hughes," I thought, and with that I gulped my "coke" and rushed out the door.

The Biltmore Theatre was dark, but I opened the stage door and walked in. No one had arrived yet. I sat in the center of the dark stage for what seemed like hours. Shortly, the theatre lights went up, and there stood Mr. Hughes, not ten feet away from me!

I tried to explain, but my throat seemed constricted. He popped questions at me. I couldn't answer. Finally, I mentioned Earl Ebi, the friend who had once told me to see Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hughes was not in the least impressed. He stared at me for a few minutes, pulled a script out of his brief case, and said, "Read the part of George, right now."

"But, Mr. Hughes . . ." I started.

"You're an actor, aren't you?" he clipped.

"Yes," I said.

"Read," he said.

"But, I've never seen the part," I answered.

"Read," he said.

I picked up the script and read George with all I was made of. It was now or never. I cried, I laughed, I shouted. I was George as I saw George.

When I finished, Mr. Hughes the Great came toward me. He came and stood right before me. He stared at me for about three minutes.

"Hello, George," he said.

Top Newsman

GEORGE PLATT

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1944-1945

THE BEST WAY TO UNDERSTAND WHAT MAKES THE modern top-notch war correspondent is to study the life of one of the leading personalities of the business. Just such a man is Quentin Reynolds. He has been in the field of foreign reporting for twelve years with *Collier's* magazine, ascending to this top-rank position after years spent as a "legman" with New York papers.

F. E. Rechnitzer portrays Reynolds as boy, college student, reporter, and war correspondent in his book *War Correspondent—the Story of Quentin Reynolds*. And he has a real story to tell. With a warm, though slightly overdone, enthusiasm that makes the tale an enthralling eighty minutes of reading, he traces the life of Reynolds.

In 1919 Reynolds graduated from Manual High School in Brooklyn, his birthplace. Seventeen and eager to enter Brown University the following fall, he first decided to make some money. The chance presented itself in the form of a job as a tool keeper on a steamship sailing between New York and Antwerp. He insists that it was the one hundred dollars a month and keep that influenced him most. But if what he has done since is any indication, there is little doubt that a hankering for adventure and the sight of far places was already making itself felt.¹ Now at the age of forty-three, Reynolds has covered stories for *Collier's* in Germany, Norway, England, Russia, Persia, Africa, South America, Italy, and many other places.

At Brown, Reynolds found that he could put words together very adeptly, although his spelling was atrocious. He had started in the sports field of the newspaper game while in high school, writing for the Brooklyn Section of the *New York Evening World*. At Brown he wrote up fraternity sports for the *Providence Journal* and majored in English because of his knack for writing. The conviction to be a newspaperman grew stronger within him. He had never noticed his urge to write until one day an English professor had called him into his office to discuss one of his papers. The professor cut it to ribbons as being too wordy and loosely constructed. He asked Reynolds if he had ever thought of writing for a living. Reynolds said he had not. The professor told him that it was one way to make a living sitting down. That appealed to the young Reynolds. Many times later in life while running for a slit trench to duck Nazi bombs, or while riding, cramped

¹ F. E. Rechnitzer, *War Correspondent—the Story of Quentin Reynolds*, New York: J. Messner, 1943, p. 12.

up, in the nose of a Boston bomber so that people back home could read about how it felt to fly on a night raid over German-occupied France, he thought about how he was making a living sitting down.

To understand Reynolds, himself, involves the reading of what he has written. Reynolds' personality is in every story—warm, understanding, generous, and very human. He lacks a sharp critical sense, but his emotional warmth gives him special insight.² And Reynolds is emotionally warm. He has a heart as big as himself, as the write-up in his college annual said when he graduated.³ He is the forerunner of Ernie Pyle in the writing of human personalities into the news. At Dieppe, when the Canadian and British commandos made their famous bloody raid, Reynolds was aboard a British cruiser to write up the battle. What he wrote about this raid showed that although he was impressed by the efficiency of the raid, he was attracted more by the human beings involved in it. He gave a vivid, understanding, personal story of the gallantry, tragedy, and humor he witnessed.⁴ It was this style that made him an excellent sports writer before he became a foreign correspondent. This is evident in his yarn "The Makings of a Baseball Hero."

Reynolds learned to be careful when writing. His ability to find a story, hang on to it, follow it through, and authenticate it is illustrated by an article he did on a boundary dispute between Haiti and Santo Domingo. It looked like one of hundreds of such petty boundary disputes, but Reynolds found out that there were bloody, hushed up hostilities going on in the border regions of the two countries. He refused to take hearsay evidence and trekked through the bush himself to get the facts, see the wounded and dead, and interview those who had escaped the massacres. It took him several weeks to get the story, but it scooped all the papers when he sent it in. His tenacious diligence had paid off.

Another attribute of Reynolds' character is his unswerving belief in what is right and his hate for what is wrong. He hated Hitler and the Nazis ever since he went to Berlin as foreign correspondent for *Collier's* in 1933. He stood by England through the hard days of the blitz, when the luftwaffe was dropping everything it had on London. Many reporters wrote England off the books in those days, but Reynolds did all he could to encourage and aid her. He woke up unbombed American city-dwellers with his tales of the destruction wrought in English towns by the Nazi sky-raiders. He endeared himself to the hearts of the British, something few American newsmen have done. In other countries, he "has maneuvered his highly flavored personality into the role of an unofficial U. S. ambassador-at-large."⁵

² "Ambassador from Brooklyn," *Time*, 42 (Nov. 15, 1943), 70.

³ Rechnitzer, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

⁴ Quentin Reynolds, "Dress Rehearsal," *Reader's Digest*, 42 (June, 1943), 121.

⁵ "Ambassador from Brooklyn," *Time*, p. 71.

Reynolds began at the bottom of the ladder. He had the ability, the breaks, and the persistence to make good. He has written five widely read books: *Dress Rehearsal*, *The Wounded Don't Cry*, *London Diary*, *Convoy*, and *Only the Stars Are Neutral*. His stories in *Collier's* are read by millions. His voice over the radio is familiar. He has given the running commentaries on such motion pictures as "London Can Take It" and "A Day in the Life of the Soviet Union." He is held in the highest esteem by his journalistic colleagues. But the thing that makes Quentin Reynolds the great journalist he is, is his unaffected interest in humanity.

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Attack!

JOHN SPIEGLER

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1944-1945

THE MUD-LADEN SOLDIER SAT ON A GASOLINE TIN, waiting for the signal, his rifle cocked and loaded at his feet. His eardrums were splitting from the tremendous barrage that had started up three hours before. Every muscle in his body was tense, every nerve cell on edge. Throwing down a soggy cigarette with a grim, deliberate motion, he tried to think of something other than his imminent departure from the comparatively safe shell hole.

"Why can't that damned lieutenant blow his whistle and get it over with?" he muttered.

The thunder was rising in pitch now, reaching a point where the man thought he would start crying if it did not stop, and then another sound pierced his mind. Mechanically he picked up his rifle, checked his cartridge belt and his clip to see that they were full, and rose, just as he had been taught twelve months before.

Clutching a stump at the edge of the hole, he laboriously pulled himself out onto the grass above; around him were his fellow warriors. The men

on both sides were advancing slowly, crouched over their weapons as if to hide them from some unseen eyes. Now and again planes would shoot by fifty feet overhead, just blurred sounds.

An uninvolved observer could have seen this man's jaw muscles relax, his face become blank, his eyes turn to glass marble orbs never wandering from an imaginary sight just ahead. Now he was in the right place at the right time. This is what he had been trained for during sixteen months of hot, gruelling, Texas desert.

He moved forward steadily, slowing down now and then to sidestep an apparent booby trap or stray rifle that was of no use to anyone any more. He plodded onward, firing aimlessly at some invisible target ahead of him, and trying not to look at the faces of the men lying wherever he stepped for fear that it would be someone he knew.

His immediate objective, an artillery embankment, was in sight already a few hundred yards ahead. Now he could see flashes of fire at the crest of the ridge, and he sensed vaguely that they were meant for him.

Half the distance was covered by this time, and he began to return from his trance, into the world of emotion and rational thoughts. Glancing accidentally into a new shell hole, he suddenly saw a familiar face, half buried, looking up at him. Losing all his composure, he lowered his gun and jumped down into the shallow pit. He tried to speak, but nothing came out of his paralyzed lips. Abruptly another figure loomed up at the perimeter of the hole, and a gruff voice said, "Come on, soldier, get going. The medics will be along in a while and get him."

He climbed slowly out of the hole, his eyes still fastened on the face in the mud. It was only by a supreme effort that he was able to tear his eyes away from the scene behind him. But even that was of no avail, for the face still lingered before him and he was unable to drive it away. All that he could think of was himself, lying there in the dead man's place, with blood and dirt splattered over his face.

At this moment, some three hundred feet in front of him, a man, very much like himself except for a slightly different uniform, was pulling the short white lanyard of a field piece. A low whistle slowly rose in pitch until it reached a crescendo that threatened to burst the universe. The soldier heard this sound and instinctively threw himself to the ground. "Now," he thought, "my face is buried in the muck, but at least I am still breathing." A tremendous explosion rocked the field, and when the smoke had cleared away and the dust had settled again, he became aware of a sharp, burning sensation in his side. The butt of his rifle was slippery with some thick, sticky substance, but he was afraid to look down and see what it was. Finding that he could stand up, he painfully continued his stoical advance upon the objective.

A Queen Dies

ERNEST ORCUTT

Rhetoric 1, Theme 3, 1944-1945

IT WAS NEARING MID-AFTERNOON ON A BEAUTIFUL tropical day, a day too perfect to be spoiled by what was to come.

The sea was unusually calm except for a few ground swells. All hands were taking sun baths on the topside deck, drinking in the sun which had been absent for a number of days. It was a perfect day for forgetting the war.

Like a bolt out of the blue it came — the explosion rang in our ears. Sailors began shouting excitedly, "Look at the *Wasp*, she's caught a 'fish.' " "Where? How?" "Well, here we go again." Almost at once came the familiar sound of the bugle and the "clang, clang, clang" of the general alarm, and the words, "All hands man your battle stations on the double." Sailors scrambled quickly to their feet, running swiftly and surely in the direction of their battle stations. The old man gave the order, "Full speed ahead, full left rudder." The ship shot ahead like a suddenly released spring. The change in speed made her great, proud body tremble.

The other ships in the task force began to fan out over the ocean, leaving boiling water in their wake. Our only thought was to get away to a safe distance.

The aircraft carrier *Wasp* had been in the very center of the task force, the center being the safest place — so we had supposed. The rest of the task force had been spread around her like a brood of chickens around the mother hen. The big lady had been wounded, though, and that was all that was on our minds. That was our last fleeting glance of her — dead in the water, helpless, with great red flames licking at her port side from the ugly gash at the waterline to the topside. It was a direct hit in the gasoline stowage amidships. The explosion went up through officers' quarters and on up through the flight deck. Men could be seen pushing burning, exploding planes off her decks, throwing hot ammunition overboard, and fighting the fire with many hoses, but all to no avail. By now she was listing badly to port, her flight deck almost dipping in the waves.

Without warning, like adding salt to her great wound, two more torpedoes hit amidships. These new explosions nearly broke her back. Tears came to our eyes as we saw this great, proud lady helplessly wallowing in the swells unable to fight back, just having enough strength to keep afloat. We were powerless to help her.

We changed course and lost her for awhile but picked her up again later. The picture had changed since then, with magazines exploding, men

jumping overboard, some with lifejackets, some without. Some of the men were sliding down lines so fast that their hands were burned, while others helped shipmates who couldn't help themselves.

Darkness was setting in, and the captain gave the order to change course. We were to leave the *Wasp* to her fate, a cruel thing to do, but one that had to be done for the safety of the rest of the ships.

The last look I got, she was listing badly, almost keeled over and afire from stem to stern. Explosions from magazines rocked her from time to time. Slowly but inevitably she was dying. I turned away with tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat.

Equatorial Nightfall Aboard a U.S. Army Transport

JOHN BLOOMFIELD

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945

AT DUSK, IF YOU ARE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO GET A position on the upper deck near the rail, you will see the blazing sun quench its blistered tongue in the cool, blue Pacific. The sun, with the horizon as a tangent, seems to be operated by a pulley. It looks as though it disappears in jumps; and you are certain it is being lowered, at regular intervals, inches at a time, until it finally drops completely from sight. The afterglow is an azure sky, tinted by withering red. From time to time, sunbeams pour through narrow openings, magnificently reflected on the water.

Shortly after this, the night surprises the sea with its quick blackness—an unwelcome guest that cannot be ignored. Then, suddenly, the siren breaks the silence of the night. The public-address system bellows, "Lights Out!" This means that all the portholes and exterior doors must be closed, all lights, including cigarettes, must be extinguished on deck. Everyone must go below.

While making your way along the narrow passages and down the steep stairway below, you meet a group of guards going on night duty. To make room for passing, you stand erect and very close against the bulkhead. While doing so you come almost face to face with your "Guardians of the Night." Upon every partially bearded, weather-beaten face, you see the expression of determination.

You retire with a feeling of complete security.

The Conflagration of London in 1666

MARY KATHLEEN KENEIPP

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

Night came, but without darkness or
repose,

A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom;
Where souls distracted, when the
trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies
come.

Those who have homes, when home
they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wand'ring
friends:

Their short uneasy sleeps are broke
with care,
To look how near their own
destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where
once it was,

And with full eyes each wonted
room require;
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the
place,
As murder'd men walk where they
did expire.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal
fire,

Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And, while thro' burning lab'rins
they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they
would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

—JOHN DRYDEN

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1666, DIDN'T BEGIN AS AN EXCEPTIONALLY unusual day. At two o'clock in the morning the familiar cry of "Fire! Fire!" meandered down some of the crooked and narrow streets—and then silence. The people of London were too much accustomed to fires to be very much upset. If they had known what was to come, they might have prevented London's most destructive and mysterious fire.

The fire broke out in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane,¹ a lane composed of a line of old houses that ran unevenly down the hill toward the Thames River, and that were made of old and dry timber, coated with pitch, and built very close together, thus making the street very dark and unwholesome.² The commodities there were not very valuable, but they were so bulky they could not easily be removed.³

¹ Richard Lord Braybrooke, ed., *Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F.R.S. comprising His Diary from 1659 to 1669*, New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1936, p. 314.

² George Walter Bell, *The Great Fire of London in 1666*, London: John Lane; the Bodley Head Limited, March, 1923, p. 21.

³ Dr. Gideon Harvey, *The City Remembrancer*, Vol. II, London: Printed for W. Nicoll, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1769, pp. 41-42.

The fire progressed slowly until it reached the outbuildings of the Star Inn across the street. These buildings were filled with hay and other highly combustible material, which the fire greedily consumed, and from there proceeded rapidly down Pudding Lane and Fish Street. The cellars along Thames Street, which was adjacent to Fish Street, were filled with tallow, oil, spirits, hemp, and similar combustibles, making this quarter of London favorable above all others to the spread of the fire.⁴

A number of other factors greatly aided the spread of the fire. The season had been very dry, and there was a fierce eastern wind which literally blew the fire through the city. The heat from the burning buildings was so intense that the men were unable to get close enough to the fire to fight it.⁵ But had they been able to get nearer, they would have had no water to use, because the Thames Water-house had burned during the early part of the morning.⁶

Sunday afternoon the buildings above and below the bridge were burning furiously, and the fire was continuing, totally unchecked, through the city. By Sunday night it had reached Cannon Street and was heading toward the center of the city on the hill. It was reported the next morning that three hundred houses had burned during the night.⁷

At first the people of London were so benumbed by the fire that they hardly stirred to extinguish it. Instead they ran about like distracted creatures, crying out in great alarm. Everyone was trying to remove his household goods in boats or carts. Those people by the river who could not obtain boats threw their goods into the water with the hope of salvaging them later. They were clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another, trying to stay near their homes as long as possible. Sick people were being carried away on beds. The Lord Mayor in Canning Street said to Pepys, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."⁸

Monday the fire consumed Grace-church Street, Lombard Street, and part of Frenchchurch Street. It then started through Cornhill, one of the larger and more spacious streets. Samuel Pepys, who was attracted by the fire as a moth is attracted by a light, persuaded the King to bring some workmen from Deptford to tear down the buildings surrounding the Naval Office to save it.⁹ However, some shortsighted men, among them aldermen,

⁴ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 23, 24.

⁵ William Bray, ed., *The Diary of John Evelyn*, Vol. II, Washington: M. Walter Dunne, 1901, p. 21.

⁶ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 28-29.

⁷ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, pp. 314-316.

⁸ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, pp. 314-315.

⁹ Clara Marburg, *Mr. Pepys and Mr. Evelyn*, Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1935, pp. 13-14.

would not permit their houses to be pulled down, thus directly aiding in the tragedy.¹⁰ Thus the fire continued its speedy itinerary, and by Monday night it had swept through Dowgate and Old Fish Street into Watling Street. It went through Threadneedle Street, up Walbrook, and up Bucklersbury, meeting at Cheapside. Its spread was amazing.¹¹

The greater part of the city was completely consumed Tuesday. This included St. Paul's Cathedral, the Inner Temple, Fleet Street, Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, and Watling Street. Melted lead was running down the streets in a stream, and the pavements were heated to a fiery red, stopping all passages, and making it impossible to get near enough to fight the fire.¹²

The fierce eastern wind, which had commenced Sunday, became quiet Wednesday, and the raging fire became more gentle. More houses were blown up with gun-powder, and by Thursday the blaze was extinguished. Its progress had been checked Wednesday at seven o'clock by the Temple, but it took much longer to quench it. However, it was not completely dead until March, 1667. Smoke and small fires were seen by Pepys on September 17, December 1, January 16, 1667, February 28, and March 16.¹³

After the conflagration, there was a thick cover of dirt lying around the stumps of walls and heaps of what had been houses. It was everywhere, for the fire had disintegrated tons of solid materials.¹⁴ Everything made of metal had been melted by the vehement heat, and all by-lanes and narrow streets were filled with rubbish.¹⁵ Cleaning up the city was an appalling task.

The losses of London were tremendous. On page 20 (below) is an estimate of the losses in pounds.¹⁶

Among those buildings not mentioned in the list were the Mermaid Tavern (popularized by Ben Jonson and frequented by Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Dr. Donne, Selden, and many others), St. Sepulchre, the College of Heralds,¹⁷ St. Magnus, and Boar's Head Tavern.¹⁸

The true cause of the fire was never determined by the Londoners. Some said it was because of the negligence of the people of the house where it began.¹⁹ But according to the baker, the oven had been drawn at ten o'clock

¹⁰ Bray, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

¹¹ Harvey, *op. cit.*, pp. 10-11.

¹² Bray, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

¹³ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, pp. 319-320, 324, 344, 360, 366, 370.

¹⁴ Bell, *op. cit.*, p. 172.

¹⁵ Bray, *op. cit.*, pp. 24-25.

¹⁶ Harvey, *op. cit.*, pp. 32-33. This information varies slightly in different books.

¹⁷ Marie & Charles Hemstreet, *Nooks and Corners of Old London*, New York: James Pott and Company, 1910, pp. 20, 29, 30.

¹⁸ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 24, 50.

¹⁹ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 64.

that night, and, upon having occasion to light a candle about twelve o'clock, he had noticed there was not enough fire in the bakehouse to kindle the match. He said that it was impossible for any wind to have come into the room and fanned the embers. When he had been awakened by the smoke just before two o'clock the next morning, he had seen that the fire was not near the oven and chimney. He, his wife, and his daughter had escaped through a garret window.²⁰

Sir Thomas Crew, after hearing the report of the committee for examining the burning of the city, thought it was certain that it was done by plots. It was proved by several witnesses that there had been attempts to aid the fire.²¹ Various strangers, Dutch and French, were imprisoned during the fire because it was thought that they had contributed maliciously to it.²²

When it was discovered that the water supply had been cut off, Bishop Lloyd accused one Grant, a Papist. It was related that Grant was interested in the Countess of Clarendon, who had asked him to help in a plan to burn the city. He was to shut off the water supply, as he was on the board that governed the water works at Islington. The Sunday before the fire broke out, Grant had gone to the water house and, having had authority to view the works at any time he pleased, got the keys to the place where the heads of the pipes were located and shut them all off. When he had left, he had taken the keys with him. Upon being accused, Grant denied that he had turned the cocks, but the officer of the works affirmed that he had. Grant confessed having taken the keys with him, but he said that it had been unintentional.²³ However, despite these suspicions it was obvious that the actual cause of the lack of water was that the Thames water, raised by the wheels at the bridge, had been cut off.²⁴

Dawes Weymansel, a justice of peace, said he had seen and stopped a man who was entering the city at the Temple Bar with his pockets filled with flax and other materials for aiding the fire. A company officer of the Trained Bands, Michael Marsh, arrested a foreigner who was carrying a dark lantern which, Marsh conceived, had been made to lay a train of powder. It was then full of powder.²⁵

"I saw the fire," Thomas Middleton, a surgeon, told the Parliamentary Committee, "break out from the inside of the Laurence Pountney steeple,

²⁰ Bell, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

²¹ O. F. Marshead, ed., *Everybody's Pepys 1660-1669*, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926, pp. 382-383.

²² Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 40.

²³ *Ibid.*, pp. 58-59.

²⁴ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 73-75.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

when there was no fire near it. These, and such observations, begat in me a persuasion that the fire was maintained by design."²⁶

Since the fire occurred at a time when the hot weather had dried the timber in the buildings, where there were so many timber houses, where the shops were filled with combustible matter, and when the wind blew from that corner toward the rest of the city, it was suspected that the Papists had plotted it. It was known that the Papists would not consider it sinful to burn a "heretical" city. The Lord Chancellor (Earl of Nottingham), in a trial during which no evidence relating to Papists had been included, gave judgment against Viscount Stafford: "Who can doubt any longer that London was burnt by Papists?"²⁷

Pepys found in an April, 1666, edition of the *Gazette*, that several persons had been tried for their lives and had been found guilty of a design of killing the King and destroying the government. They were to accomplish this by burning the city. The day intended for the plot had been September 3. Naturally, when the fire started on September 2, many people became suspicious.²⁸ Lady Carteret found a piece of paper blowing around which she showed to Pepys. It said, "Time is, it is done."²⁹

Some confessions were made. Bishop Kennet gave the following account: Only one person was put on trial at Old Bailey for being the incendiary, and he was convicted by his own confession, and executed for it. This man was Roger Hubert, a French Huguenot of Rohan in Normandy. Some people said he was "non compos mentis," and that he actually had enjoyed being hanged as the greatest villain. Others said he had been penitent, and that after his conviction he himself had led them through the ashes to the spot where the first house to burn had stood.³⁰ Edward Taylor, a boy of ten, when examined, spun a wild yarn about his father, uncle, and himself throwing two fire-balls made of gunpowder and brimstone into an open window of the house in Pudding Lane. He said that they had set fire to a number of houses in Thames Street and Fleet Street and to the Royal Exchange.³¹

As England, at the time of the Great Fire, was at war with France and Holland, it was believed that one of those countries had willfully set fire to London. One excited fellow rode down the streets crying, "Arm! Arm!" It was also falsely reported that four thousand Frenchmen and Papists were

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 41.

²⁷ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

²⁸ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, p. 347.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 358.

³⁰ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 59.

³¹ Bell, *op. cit.*, pp. 199-200.

in arms and coming to invade the city.³² Rather than be caught totally unprepared, the militia was fully armed and sent out, and the fleet that was out stayed very close together.³³

The King thought it was "God's judgment." Sir Edward Turner, Speaker of the House of Commons, thought that it was God punishing the whole nation. A few people thought that it was the King, because he seemed to be enjoying the fire so much.³⁴ However, most opinions are not acceptable, as the minds of the people had been altered by all of the excitement. When evidence of the city's being burned by design was presented later to the committee of the House of Commons, it was declared void of credibility.³⁵

To keep the future generations, as well as the people living at that time, from forgetting the dreadful visitation, a monument, called "The Monument," was erected in 1680 as nearly as possible on the site of the origin of the fire.³⁶ The inscription on the lower pedestal of this monument read:

This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of the most dreadful burning of this protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the papish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord 1666. In order to carry on their horrid plot for extirpating the protestant religion and old English liberty, and introducing papery and slavery.³⁷

Another kind of memorial appeared on a house near Pie Corner where the fire was extinguished: part of a carved figure of a child with the inscription which is now obliterated, but which originally read:

This boy is in memory put up
of the fire of London
occasioned by sin
of Gluttony, 1666.³⁸

Not only was the conflagration of London commemorated by a monument, but it was also observed by setting aside certain days for fasting. The first day was October 10, 1666, then September 2, 1667, and from then on the second of every September.³⁹ However, the people whose homes had been destroyed by the fire needed, and wanted, nothing to remind them of it.

Thus fell great London, that ancient and populous city! London! which was the queen city of the land; and as famous as most cities in the world! and yet how is London departed like smook [sic], and her glory laid in the dust! How is her destruction come, which no man thought of, and her desolation in a moment!⁴⁰

³² *Ibid.*, pp. 31, 41.

³³ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, p. 321.

³⁴ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 67, 73.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 63.

³⁸ Hemstreet, *op. cit.*, p. 30.

³⁹ Braybrooke, *op. cit.*, pp. 329, 433, 533.

⁴⁰ Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

ESTIMATE OF LOSSES IN POUNDS

The Royal Exchange.....	50,000
13,200 houses at 25 £ rent at the low rate of 12 years purchase	3,960,000
87 Parish Churches at 8,000 £ each.....	696,000
6 consecrated chapels at 2,000 £ each.....	12,000
The Custom-house.....	10,000
52 halls of companies, most of which were magnificent structures and palaces, at 1,500 £ each.....	78,000
3 city gates at 3,000 £ each.....	9,000
Jail of Newgate.....	15,000
Four stone bridges.....	6,000
Sessions-house	7,000
Guildhall, with the courts and offices belonging to it.....	40,000
Blackwell-hall	3,000
Bridewell	5,000
Poultry Compter.....	5,000
Woodstreet Compter.....	3,000
Toward rebuilding St. Paul's church, which at that time was a new building, the stone-work being almost finished...	2,000,000
Wares, household stuff, monies and moveable goods lost and spoiled	2,000,000
Hire of porters, carts, wagons, barges, boats, etc., to remove wares, household things, etc., during and after the fire..	200,000
Printed books and papers in shops and warehouses.....	150,000
Wine, tobacco, sugar, plums, etc., of which the city was very full at that time.....	1,500,000
Cutting a navigable river to Holborn-bridge.....	27,000
The Monument.....	14,500
<i>Total losses.....</i>	<i>10,730,500</i>

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Music Therapy

FRANCES WILMETH

DGS 1b, Theme 7, 1944-1945

MUSIC THERAPY IS THE TREATMENT OF PHYSICAL and mental ills by means of music. Music as a therapeutic device begins where medicine ends. The latter prescribes for the physical man; the former seeks to restore balance to the person as a whole. Music not only bolsters the morale and spirits of the sick but also tones up their bodies.¹

The history of music therapy dates back to the ancient days of Greek and Roman splendor. Apollo, the Greek god of music, was also god of medicine. Hippocrates, the "father of medicine," took his mental patients to the temple to listen to soothing strains of music. Aristotle ascribed its beneficial effects to an "emotional catharsis." The French Voltaire satirically claimed that we go to the opera chiefly to promote digestion. By the thirteenth century the Arabs had equipped their hospitals with music rooms. Florence Nightingale brought music to hospitals during the Crimean War. And thirty years ago William James used it at a mental hospital in Boston.

Today many hospitals are experimenting throughout the United States on the effects of music upon their patients. An official of the Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D. C., in a report to *Etude* magazine, said, "In reality the program of Applied Music at Walter Reed is, and will be for some time to come, in the purely experimental stage. Attempts are being made to determine if possible whether any constant factors can be arrived at in the use of music, with particular reference to psychic disorders. Of course, this being a medical installation, the experiment naturally must proceed wholly along scientific lines. The burden of the proof must therefore lie with the experimenters, who are working in collaboration with Army doctors. The medical profession, although open-minded, is quite the hardest of any organization to convince; but once such proof has been offered it will be able thereby to withstand attack."²

In spite of this almost pessimistic attitude of the medical profession, many people have become interested in this field. Helen Cartwright, who has done much work in army hospitals, states: "This much we do know, however, from immediate observation of hundreds of cases, that in many instances the right kind of music, rightly administered, does show beneficial

¹ D. K. Antrim, "Music Therapy," *Musical Quarterly*, 130 (October, 1944), 409.

² Quoted in Helen Cartwright, "The Healing Art of Music," *Etude*, 63 (February, 1945), 81.

results. When one has seen the morale of a ward raised; when he has seen tired, fretful patients relax and fall asleep, and has heard many say, 'Thank you, please come again soon,' he may well feel that a good day's work has been done."³

In experiments on the effect of music on the human body, it has been discovered that music increases metabolism, increases or decreases muscular energy, accelerates or decreases breathing, increases or decreases pulse or blood pressure, influences internal secretions, lowers the threshold of sensory perception, and affords a psychological basis for the generation of emotions.⁴ Music has been used as an antidote for pain in the operating room and the dentist's chair. For severe pain lively, loud music of pronounced rhythm is best, whereas calming music is used for nervous breakdowns, or sleeplessness. Some hospitals have substituted playing music in the evening for sedatives.

In war hospitals fast, rhythmic music helps soldiers regain the use of arms and legs that have been in casts. Men with artificial or injured legs are made to march and dance. Familiar tunes such as "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," or "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," are played in insane asylums. "But music is not a specific for mental disorder. There is even the danger that the wrong music may be used by patients to express and reinforce delusional ideas."⁵

Music therapy is also used on maladjusted children. This is especially true in the Children's Psychiatric Ward of Bellevue Hospital in New York, where many nervous, shy, over-pampered, defiant, and illegitimate children are brought. Dr. Loretta Bender, psychiatrist in charge, has said, "I am quite convinced that our music activity reaches the subcordial center of the brain, where other activities do not, and thereby helps to integrate the personality that is going to pieces in these children."⁶ Active participation in the making of music is often considered more effective than mere listening, for group performance develops a spirit of cooperation and fellowship, thus helping the patients to overcome their inhibitions.

The playing of instruments is also used in the treatment of dental defects. The late Dr. Robert Summa, an orthodontist of St. Louis, used a flute to correct an undeveloped chin, a double-reed instrument for a short upper lip, the clarinet for a receding upper arch, and, for the most common malformation—a protruding upper arch—the bugle or trumpet.⁷

Today, "medical institutions are slowly but surely waking up to the necessity for research in this field of musical therapeutics. We are prob-

³ Cartwright, *op. cit.*, p. 110.

⁴ Antrim, *op. cit.*, p. 411.

⁵ "Music Used in Therapy," *Science Digest*, 17 (January, 1945), 77.

⁶ Quoted in Antrim, *op. cit.*, p. 417.

⁷ Antrim, *op. cit.*, p. 418.

ably at the dawn of a great era in the treatment of disease. The fact that eminent physicians are constantly contending that the functional diseases which are the result of disturbed mental states and emotional stress are far more numerous than is generally known indicates that the calming effect of music will be employed more than ever in the future."⁸

⁸ Helen Cartwright, "More Musical Therapeutics," *Etude*, 63 (March, 1945), 136.

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Mushrooms on Exhibit

ANNE HINES

DGS 1b, Theme 6, 1944-1945

THE NEWEST AND PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING section of the Museum of Natural History at the University of Illinois is the mushroom showcase. It is really an injustice to call this "modified part of the woods," which was completed about two weeks ago, only a showcase, because it is much more than that. It is an artificial reproduction of nature at her loveliest in one of the most educational exhibits I have ever seen. When I first saw this mushroom exhibit, I was very favorably impressed by the originality that its creator had shown, then by its beauty, and finally by its very close resemblance to actual scenes in nature. I learned that this project had been planned and executed almost entirely by Dr. L. A. Adams, Curator of the Museum of Natural History, and so I went to see Dr. Adams to get the full details.

"It all started," he began, "about twenty years ago when I discovered that people were actually interested in mushrooms." People used to come to his house late at night with bucketfuls of mushrooms, wanting to know what species they were and whether or not they were poisonous. Dr. Adams believed that if people were really as much interested in mushrooms as they appeared to be, a section of the museum should be set off for their display. He did not want an ordinary showcase of pictures or of preserved mushrooms—he wanted something "alive," something that everyone would be interested in, whether or not he was actually concerned about mushrooms.

A little over two years ago, the actual work was begun. First, the species

of the mushrooms to be used had to be obtained and wax casts made of each of them. There are forty species shown, all of which are native to this state. The mushrooms are all made of wax, and they are excellent reproductions of the real things. Some of the mushrooms used for models were grown on this campus. One of these is the "dog stinkhorn" or *mutinus caninus*. One of the most beautiful of the mushrooms is the *amanita muscaria*, a poisonous plant. Several other plants which, I believe, especially stand out are the "white death cup" or "earth star," the giant puff ball, and the *lepiota*.

After the mushrooms were gathered, the problem arose of obtaining the natural setting. In the right corner of the case is a beautiful log which Dr. Adams and his associate found only after a long search through many woods. "We looked at over a thousand logs before we found this one," Dr. Adams said. "It's a beauty." The log, however, was not as long as Dr. Adams wanted it, so a plaster supplement was made, connecting the log to a painted continuation of it on the background. It is an excellent job of art work, and many noted critics have been unable to tell where the log itself ends.

Next came the task of obtaining the grass and the leaves. Much of the grass used is actual grass which was collected from the University campus in summer and preserved in formaldehyde and glycerin. The remainder was made from pine needles and split palm leaves. Every piece of grass had to be put in individually. This took about six months. The leaves are all actual leaves which were gathered in the fall, dried for six months, and processed so that they would not dry out. Dr. Adams calls this process "embalming the leaves."

The various flowers, which are made from wax, were put in solely for the purpose of decoration. There are only two species present—the red and white trillium and the lady slipper, an orchid.

The showcase itself is located where it is so that no natural light can reach it. There are no windows near, and only the artificial light in the case lights the exhibit. The background of the case was painted by an art student on this campus. Excellent work was done in "killing the corners," a trick often used in this kind of work to camouflage the corners and make the scene look natural.

The last problem Mr. Adams had to overcome was that of labeling the mushrooms. Botanists insisted there must be labels, but Dr. Adams insisted there would be no labels in his woodland scene. "It's supposed to be natural," he said, "and there are no labels in nature." Finally, as a compromise, pictures of the scene were taken and hung directly above. The mushrooms are labeled there, and those that are poisonous are marked by a skull and crossbones.

This woodland scene is, as I have already said, very realistic. There are even various insects—flies, beetles, and locusts—placed on several plants. Everything in the scene is made to look exactly as it does in actual life.

The Crash

WILLIAM L. RABY

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1944-1945

“DEAR MOM,” THE KID WROTE, “THIS ISN’T A BAD place here. The sick bay is small, but it’s almost like a miniature hospital. The Chief says that a small place like this is the best place to learn to be a corpsman, and he should know. He has been a Chief Pharmacist’s Mate for quite a while now, I imagine, as he has hashmarks all over his sleeve.

“Everybody here is quite informal. They all call the commanding officer ‘Skipper,’ except when they are addressing him, of course. ‘Skipper’ is the Navy name for the commanding officer of a ship or station. All of the crew call the chief either ‘Chief’ or ‘Doc,’ and to tell the truth I don’t even know what his name really is. Both the ‘Skipper’ and the ‘Chief’ act pretty hard boiled, and that’s the way I’m going to try and act ‘cause it seems to be the best way to get along in this outfit. The Chief seems to be a little nervous right now, as he is pacing up and down the hall and smoking cigarette after cigarette. I ———.”

A prolonged shriek split the air, interrupting both the kid’s letter and the Chief’s pacing.

“Crash alarm,” cried the Chief. “Come on, kid, we’ve work to do.”

Side by side they sprinted out to the ambulance. The night had come alive. Sirens were shrieking, gears were grinding, voices were shouting, and headlights and searchlights were cutting through the moonless dark. To an uninitiated person, like the kid, this was just a mass of confusion, but behind the seemingly aimless activity there was an orderly purpose.

The ambulance roared away behind the Skipper’s jeep. Between bumps and jolts the kid could see the intent, almost tragic expression that the dashboard lights revealed on the Chief’s face.

They had gone about a mile. All about them stretched the swampland, and far ahead the reflection of a large blaze could be seen in the sky and on the taller trees. The jeep came to a standstill.

“Hey, Doc!” yelled the Skipper to the Chief.

“Yes, sir? What in hell’s wrong?”

“It’s pretty damn bad going in here. Think we ought to try it?”

“You know who’s in that plane, Skipper?”

The commanding officer stood there looking at the Chief for a moment. His face seemed full of pity, but the kid decided it was just an illusion created by the headlights playing on him in the dark.

“Okay, Doc, we’ll go through. You lead the way,” said the Skipper.

Cursing at the delay with every bit of vocabulary picked up in thirty years of service, the Chief reached down and connected the front wheel drive. The headlights were useless, or almost so, as the ambulance went ploughing ahead in second gear. Trees and bushes went down before it as it pushed along.

Sometimes they almost stopped, but the Chief always managed to tear the ambulance loose from the ooze that was all around them. The kid tried to wipe his brow and smash at the insects that were on him, but the Chief just gripped the wheel and played on the ambulance for the utmost in performance.

"Light me a cigarette, will you, kid?"

"Sure, Chief." There was a pause, then a click. "Here you are."

"Thanks."

It was quiet in the ambulance again, except for the cracking of trees and bushes, the roar of the motor, and the steady "scutching" noise of the wheels.

They burst through a thicket and into full sight of the wreck. All they could see was a mass of flame roaring up from a little island. The ambulance pulled up on the comparatively dry land, and the Chief slowly got out. Just as slowly, he walked over to within ten yards of the wreck, and stood there with his hands shielding his face.

The jeep came "put-put-putting" up.

"It's no use, sir," said the Chief as he shuffled over the blackened swamp grass. The glare of the fire made him seem a garish, wavering figure. "They're cooked, and they're still in there; I could see them."

"God damn it, Doc, I'm sorry," and the Skipper turned away to bellow at the fire truck which had just come up.

The Chief sat with his forehead pressed against the steering wheel for over an hour. It took that long to put the fire out. Finally the blaze was reduced to smoking embers.

"Go on, kid," said the Chief wearily, "pull them out. That's the medic's job."

White-faced and with taut features, the kid walked over to the shambles. He looked in and saw a twisted, blackened, and shrunken form with the general outline of a human being. There were no hands or feet, for the bones must have dried too fast and the appendages burned away. There was some sort of white stuff oozing out of a long fissure in the head.

Gingerly, the kid's hands reached under the armpits. He pulled his hands loose even as he touched the corpse, and stood there looking at the wet, charcoal-like substance that clung to his fingers. Sweat stood out on his face, and then he turned away and vomited.

"That's okay, kid, I'll do it," said the Chief, but there was a hollow note in his voice.

"Let me detail somebody to do that, Doc," pleaded the Skipper.

"No, sir. This is medical department business. I'm the medical department here, and so it's my business."

Slumped over on the running board, the kid felt rather than saw the Chief put first one body and then the other in the back of the ambulance. The fire truck crew stood by, wide-eyed, and watched the Chief move back and forth in the triple glare of the headlights.

"God," someone whispered, "how can he stand it?"

The Chief slammed the rear door of the ambulance and climbed into the driver's seat.

"Come on, kid," he said. "We're going."

As they inched their way back through the swamp, the kid recovered a measure of his spirits. He was a bit ashamed of his breakdown.

"Poor suckers," he said cockily. "Well, they got to expect that when they're flyers."

"Shut up," said the Chief savagely. A moment later he half-turned and looked at the kid. "I'm sorry, lad," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt you." He paused for a few moments, and then continued, "I don't blame you for getting sick. It's never pleasant, but it's something you have to get used to. This crash has made me fully as sick as it made you, but in a slightly different way."

"Yeah," thought the Chief, "it's a different way. Just yesterday the boy came up to me. 'Dad,' he said, 'how'd you like to have a daughter-in-law?' I told him that it wouldn't exactly break my heart. 'Well,' says he, 'I'm marrying Alice next month.'"

"Then this evening the Skipper calls up and tells me the boy has volunteered for this night flight. Now I'm carting him back to sick bay in such a condition that a pimply faced hospital apprentice faints when he looks at him."

They drove along in silence. The Chief gripped the wheel desperately; his cigarette sent out little sparks.

"God," said the kid finally, "but those two messes stink up the place."

Don't Wait to Live

In these years of war and bitter hatred, we often become so engrossed in wishing for the future to come that we forget "the present we have always with us." Our thoughts, ambitions, and hopes are all directed to the time when things will be as they were. And so we go to a dance and enjoy ourselves until we happen to think, "If Bill (or Bob or Jack or Jim) were here, I'd be having so much more fun." And our evening is ruined. We go home to wait for the end of the war to enjoy ourselves, while life goes marching endlessly past us. The war alone, however, is not to blame for this state of mind. We have always more or less wished our lives away, forgetting the present in our anxiety for the future.—MARY ALICE ROYLE

The Dress Suit

JO ANN WETZLER

DGS 1b, Theme 2, 1944-1945

AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, THE RACIAL PROBLEM which is perplexing politicians and troubling sociologists was settled something like four years ago. It took less than two minutes to settle it — long enough to walk from the elevator in the Hudson Building to the door of the radio studio where Mother worked.

It was a school holiday and I had come down to have lunch with Mother. Returning to the studio after lunch, we rode up in the elevator with Donald, who sang on Mother's program. Donald received more fan letters than anyone else on the staff. Women, young and old, adored him; taxi drivers ran through red lights in order to get him to the studio on time when he overslept; newsboys, bankers, and bootblacks called him by his first name. It wasn't merely that he sang love songs in a peculiarly personal style, or that he had a lean, hungry-looking face and an arrogant manner. Donald possessed that intangible quality known as "personality." On the air, "emceeding" in the Jackson Hotel ballroom, riding bareheaded in his canary-colored convertible, or perched on a stool in Walgreen's, Don attracted attention. It was partly because of the way he dressed.

His suits were always of the latest cut, the finest fabric. His shirts were custom-made, and never was he seen without a flower in his coat lapel. Donald liked yellow. Some folks said he had good reason to. There was a streak of it up his back, for, in spite of his popularity, there were many whispers about his personal reputation.

However, Mother liked Donald in an amused, tolerant sort of way, although she got angry with him at times. One of these times occurred when he showed up for her program on New Year's morning still wearing his elegant dress-suit, slightly rumpled, and with the front of his white shirt covered with lipstick. He sang slightly off-key and had to hang onto the microphone because he was still very drunk. Mother sent me home that day and said she had changed her mind about letting me study for radio.

But getting back to the day on which the racial problem was solved. On that day, Donald was very cheerful and sober. We stepped into the elevator together, and instantly several people called out, "Hi yuh, Don!" The colored boy, Sam, who worked in the shoe-shining parlor downstairs, was in the elevator, too. He was carrying some shoes in his hands, apparently returning them to a customer on one of the floors above.

As the elevator stopped at our floor, Donald turned to Sam. "Did you have a good time at your shindig last night?" he questioned.

Sam's face broke into a pleased grin. "Yes suh, Mr. Don," he chuckled, "ah sure did. A swell time, thank yuh, sir."

"Sam out stepping last night?" Mother asked as the elevator door clanged behind us.

"Yes," Don answered, "it was hot stuff, I guess. He wanted to borrow my dress suit for the occasion."

We were walking down the long corridor to the studio door by then, Mother's heels making a sharp tapping sound as she matched her step with Donald's long stride. I was tagging along behind, but I saw the amused look on Mother's face as she said, "Well, did you lend it to him?"

Donald had the door to the studio open by then, and entered without waiting for Mother and me to go in first.

"What do you think?" he answered, looking quizzically over his shoulder.

"I don't know," Mother said in a quiet voice. "Did you?"

Donald turned sharply. "Of course I did. We're the same size, aren't we?"

Yes, they were the same size. That was correct.

Mother walked into her office without saying another word. She took off her hat very slowly and put it on the filing cabinet, then stood in front of the window, looking into the alley-way between the buildings for several minutes. When she turned around, the corners of her mouth were curved upwards in the way they do when she is pleased and proud about something.

Mr. Smith Blushes

JEAN LOPIN

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1944-1945

MR. SMITH HAS BEEN THE HISTORY INSTRUCTOR AT our high school for several years. He is short and thin. His thick-lensed glasses, added to his dark hair, dark eyes and features, help him look studious and distinguished. The members of his classes have seen him in only three suits: one brown, one black, and one grey; and, as well as they can surmise, he has only five shirts: two white ones (because he couldn't wear one as often as he does and keep it clean), one grey, one tan, and one with blue stripes. He is a rather young man, and the timid look on his youthful face makes the girls describe him as "cute" or "precious." Whenever he overhears any of these remarks, Mr. Smith blushes.

Mr. Smith's blush is a familiar sight. He blushes at almost every occurrence. His countenance turns from white to pink, then to red, which spreads rapidly over his face, neck, and ears. He tries desperately to divert attention

to someone else. During the interval the flush recedes from his cheeks, and his face resumes its normal color.

Mr. Smith has a bulletin board in his classroom. On it he posts the pictures and clippings pertinent to the period his classes are studying. He labors religiously at this collection. Each picture or clipping is fastened with a tack at each of its corners, and all are arranged in orderly rows or are grouped according to their subjects. Each row or group is in chronological order that one may have a comparatively complete picture of the period from a close study of Mr. Smith's bulletin board. He often works late after school on this project, and can be seen leaving the building quietly between 5:00 and 5:30 p.m. He tries to leave unnoticed, but if he happens to meet anyone on the stairs, Mr. Smith blushes.

Mr. Smith likes to argue. It is very unusual when a whole class period is spent on the lesson assigned. The hour will begin with a discussion of the lesson. The discussion will develop into an argument. This argument will lead to another topic. A recitation beginning with the causes of the depression may end with a heated debate on the advantages of socialized medicine. With chagrin he realizes that he has not covered the text subject, and, looking at the innocently grinning faces of his students, Mr. Smith blushes.

Mr. Smith is very restless. He is constantly walking about the classroom, pausing now and then to sit on a corner of his desk. When he does use the chair provided, he tilts it backward or makes it rock. He likes to play with pieces of chalk. He throws a piece into the air, catches it, and begins again. Very often he drops a piece, and it shatters into tiny fragments. As he leans over to retrieve any reasonably large segments, Mr. Smith blushes.

Mr. Smith rarely enters into any social activities. He will occasionally chaperon a school dance, but he prefers to stay at home with his invalid mother. When he does attend, however, he will place himself in a dark corner and will not move until it is time to pick up the coke bottles, turn out the lights, lock the doors, and go home.

Mr. Smith is afraid of the girls. He gets along very well with the fellows, but girlish giggling and chattering annoy him. He involuntarily backs away when the girl in the front row is reciting. Coy glances and brilliant smiles frighten him. A girl need only look at him, and Mr. Smith blushes.

I must visit Mr. Smith at the high school when I go home. I can see myself now. I walk up to him and say, "Hello, Mr. Smith."

He shakes my proffered hand and says timidly, "Hello, Jean. How do you like the University?" And then, of course, Mr. Smith blushes.

Whittling

JOHN FLANAGAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945

OF ALL THE HOBBIES THAT MEN MAY CHOOSE, THAT of working wood with a knife is one of the most fascinating. Anyone who desires to may participate, for the necessary implements are few and inexpensive. An ordinary jackknife and a piece of wood are the fundamental essentials, although there is a variety of knives available that are made especially for whittling.

My paternal grandfather is an avid enthusiast of this particular pastime, and well can I remember the many hours I spent watching him work. Hours flew by like minutes as we would sit together in silence. The only sound was the "szzp! szzp!" of Grandad's busy knife. His favorite retreat for whittling was under a large oak tree out in the country. Somehow the roaming, angular branches above, and the gnarled roots poking their noses out here and there like children playing hide-'n'-seek seemed to inspire him.

Monarch was Grandad's dog. "Mon" seemed to me to be utter perfection in "caninity." He was the most beautiful collie I have ever seen. A gentle air of quiet dignity pervaded any scene of which he was a part. His glistening coat of ivory and tan, his small delicate feet, and his perfectly shaped ears were the outstanding points that heralded the approach of "the trio" as we would go through town toward the tree.

Some of Grandad's notable works include the presidents of the United States in walnuts, a circus menagerie in peach seeds, and his calendar. I have no recollection of watching Grandad carve the presidents, which undoubtedly constitute the best work he has ever accomplished. Each one is carved from a walnut, and the furrows on the surface of the nut are taken to perfect advantage to create the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Each figurine is a masterpiece in itself, but the complete set is something on a still higher order, a *chef d'oeuvre*.

A careful study of the set instantly reveals Grandad's politics, for sometimes he allowed his opinion of the particular individual he was carving to guide his knife. Not that any one is a caricature; each is a superb likeness, but a line of the face or the expression on the mouth clearly indicates Grandad's opinion of the individual. The most intriguing piece is the bust of Grant. It seems Grandad caught the strength that was Grant and ex-

pressed it even through the beard. The line of his jaw, though not obvious, suggests a fighting man with strong convictions.

The first things I can remember Grandad carving were the animals. This amusing collection includes a bear, a dog, a donkey, an elephant, a hippopotamus, three monkeys, a parrot, and a tiger. Each figure is complete to the most minute detail. The bear's mouth is open in a savage snarl and each tooth is distinguishable. The nails on the dog's feet, the ribs showing comically through the donkey's side, the fragile trunk on the elephant—all of these trivial details are included.

Fond are my memories of the summer days when I would hear Grandad's whistle for "Mon." Then he would stroll over to where I was and ask me if I cared to go for a walk. His calabash clamped firmly between his teeth, his pockets full of peach stones, knives, and a small rasp, he would start out, flanked by a magnificent collie and a towheaded youngster. The small, minor details still cling tenaciously to my memory. The smoke rolling from Grandad's pipe like that of a steamboat fighting a strong current, "Mon" snapping viciously at the irritating flies, the hot, dry dust sifting caressingly through my toes, as barefooted I ambled along in the gait common to ten-year-old boys—all these things are always with me. When we would reach the tree, Grandad would settle himself down on the soft grass with a manner of dignity approaching pompousness. Dogs go through a unique procedure to lie down, and "Mon" was no exception. First he would glance around to see whether he had picked the best spot; then, satisfied, he would turn around three or four times, lowering himself slowly as he did so. I, being an innocent youth ignorant of the importance of the formality of properly seating oneself when preparing to observe whittling, merely sank down in the fashion most convenient at the time.

The calendar was a novel pastime my grandfather had. Every day he would whittle out a link in a wooden chain. Since the war has made wood scarce, and he can no longer obtain the kind in the right size, he has discontinued the calendar. When soft white pine was available, Grandad would buy a piece about four feet long and an inch square. For every day in each month there was a link. Sundays and all other holidays were larger links of the chain.

More than anything else I enjoyed the "man-to-man" chats we had in the shade of the rambling oak tree. Many and varied were the subjects of our conversation, and if I possess any definite philosophy today, I owe it entirely to those discourses with Grandad.

High School Sororityism— A Plague

AUDREY EDSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

THE LAVISHLY FURNISHED LIVING ROOM WAS crowded with extremely dressed girls. The oldest of these was scarcely seventeen, but if a casual onlooker were to make a guess at the average age, the number would probably be nearer twenty-one. Scattered about the room were several very anxious girls. Their faces were overly animated, and their conversation was too feverish. These young women were rushees to one of the many high school sororities. They were eager for the prestige and position which admission would bring to them.

Joan Simon, an active member of this select group and therefore one of the objects of the rushees' heroine worship, sat in a large brocaded chair near the fireplace, talking quietly to Helene Shaw, one of the rushees. Helene was worried and nervous; her small, piquant face showed the strain of forced vivacity; she stuttered from the effort of making a good impression. Joan glanced at her from time to time. Finally she asked, "Helene, why do you want to get in so much?" The younger girl looked at her for a few puzzled moments, and then her eyes lighted up.

"Oh," she said, "I'd just give anything to wear that pin."

Just those words—no mention of sisterhood, no mention of making friends. She just wanted to wear the pin.

Joan reflected for a moment on her motives for wanting to join the sorority. Stripped of false ideals, the motives were pretty much the same: a desire for prestige, and a desire for an enlarged social life.

"Okay," thought Joan, "I'll try my hardest to get Helene in."

Joan was a new member though; she had never participated in the game of blackballing. So she smiled at the rushees; she was kind and gracious and encouraging.

It was an unwritten law of the sorority that the rushee speak to every member, and it was terribly nice if she could remember their names. After all, there were only fifty girls.

Joan looked over the twenty-odd rushees. There was a confident one, babbling to her best friend, who was an influential member, about the swell date she had had the night before. Joan walked over to the girl. "Betty Baker" was written on her name tag. Joan introduced herself and sat down nearby. Betty's lips, painted well over her lip line, moved up and down, producing a torrent of conversation in sentences beginning predominantly with

the first person singular. This rushee seemed poised. She was familiar to the members and was secure in the possession of a "steady," who was calling for her after the tea. How differently she acted from the majority of rushees! Joan, who had resolved never to blackball a girl, felt a moment of spiteful desire against this cocky little adolescent.

Joan looked at her small, gold watch; it was three o'clock. The rushees would be leaving soon, and the meeting would start in earnest.

"So long, Joan, thanks for everything." Joan turned; there was Helene, a soft, hopeful look in her eyes.

"So long," said Joan. "I'll see you soon again." Helene looked properly hopeful, and left, following the other aspirants to the high station of pledgedom.

This was the third rush tea. Of the remaining girls, many must be excluded once and for all. This was the last time that many of them would ever attend a meeting of this sorority. Those who would be accepted would receive the coveted pledge pin; the others either would forget about the affair or mope about, depending upon the amount of common sense they had.

Joan's thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the social secretary reading the name of the first rushee, Phyllis Allen. There were no comments, except an occasional whisper about the cuteness of Phyllis's brother. Betty Baker was also admitted.

Suddenly the voting was interrupted by the insistent ring of the phone. The president answered it and came back presently with an odd look on her face. "That was Arlene Wheeler's mother," she said. "Mrs. Wheeler said that Arlene came home crying and insisting that she hadn't been accepted. Mrs. Wheeler said that Arlene would think she was a failure if she didn't get in." Excited murmurs greeted this announcement. The sorority decided to vote on Arlene immediately. One girl put in a blackball. Joan wondered whether there would be anymore; she needed only three to be excluded. The girls were silent. Joan relaxed against the wall. From her position on the floor she was rather well hidden from view, and she had excellent opportunities to study these teen-agers. Joan wondered whether they had some special facility which gave them the wisdom to judge their contemporaries. She decided that if the girls did possess such a gift, they had it well hidden.

The blackballing continued. Rushees were discarded as ruthlessly as a rayon stocking with a run. Some girls weren't "sorority material." Joan was beginning to think that "sorority material" was as rare as nylon. Snobbish Linda Wolff rose and blackballed Helene Shaw. A yelp of protest came from Joan, who wanted to know why. Linda declined to give any reason other than that "I don't care for the girl and I don't want her for a sorority sister." Joan was a little "sick" of the procedure by now and was glad that it was almost over.

A few more girls failed to make the grade; the remainder were counted. Nine girls of the twenty had been admitted. Nine girls were now privileged to go through the period of pledging; nine girls would have the honor of carrying out the ridiculous whims of the members for two or more months. The willingness of the pledges to fulfill these stupid duties proved their loyalty to the sorority. The pledge rose when a member entered the room, and she did not resear herself without the member's permission. The pledge carried a member's books home, or carried her shoes to the shoemaker. The pledge did all this willingly. Joan knew, for she had gone through pledging. Now she was a member and could look at her high school sorority from the inside. She found it nothing more than a weak imitation of its big sister, the college sorority. Joan knew now that that organization which preached sisterhood was in reality practicing segregation.

Joan's head ached when she thought of those eleven disappointed girls. "Damn it," she swore, on her way home.

Remember This — Remember This

KATHLEEN EADS

DGS 1a, Theme 4, 1944-1945

THE LOCKER ROOM WAS PACKED THAT NIGHT WITH A milling, rushing throng of graduates-to-be. Everyone was putting on caps and gowns and talking, shouting, or even shrieking to friends in the large room. It was a madhouse of chatter under the glare from the big lights on the ceiling far above us.

"Anybody got an extra bobby pin?"

"Hey, Alice, come here a second!"

"Gee, this is fun!"

The last exclamation probably came from me. To tell the truth I didn't exactly know how I did feel about graduation. I knew I was glad, but I felt that maybe I was expected to be sad. Or maybe I was really sorry to see the past fade so fast. Was I going to be afraid of my future? Should I be? I mean——. "Well, *really!*" said something within me. "You knew long before now that you would feel like this. You always have on other occasions of the like. You thought this all out weeks ago, and you know that the best you can do is just look happy." That's what the something said to me, and I felt terribly ashamed. I detest all that melodramatic talk about "little voices within one's self," and I hate to admit that I possess one myself. Anyhow, I did as I was told and talked a blue streak just as if I were deliriously happy.

The line formed and all the lost were found just in the nick of time. The music began and so did we. We started slowly and marched through aisles lined with parents and friends with whom we exchanged stealthy winks and grins of recognition. Then we reached our seats. The rest of the evening went by in a solemn and sedate manner except that all the time the something, the voice, within me kept saying, "Remember this—remember this; it can't happen again." At last, quietly and seriously, we went to the stage for our diplomas. "You're supposed to remember this," came the ever-ready whisper. "Everyone else does." I wondered how soon my cap would fall off.

"Goodbye," I said to my best girl friend just behind me. "And good luck, in case I don't see you for a while." She said, "Oh, I'll see you this summer, I guess." I haven't seen her since.

The lobby was packed and I saw a pushing, wiggling crowd of graduates, friends, parents, relatives, neighbors, teachers. Oh, so many people!

"Congratulations!"

"You looked swell!"

"Goodbye! Good luck!"

"So long—see you soon!"

"Mother—Hey, Dad! Here I am!"

It was as if a whirlwind were spinning people in and out of every door and whirling many, many voices out to anywhere and everywhere.

Let's Be Fair to Student Labor

LEO SEGEDIN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

BECAUSE OF POOR LABOR CONDITIONS ON CAMPUS, efforts were made toward the creation of a federation of working Illini students. These efforts encountered the opposition of certain members of the student body of the University who argued that there was no need for a union. Labor conditions, they said, were not bad enough to warrant any unified action to remedy the situation. Let us discuss this argument in the light of existing information and see whether it is justified.

First of all, are working conditions fair to students? From what I have learned, I would say, "No," for the following reasons. Wages on the University of Illinois campus average slightly above forty cents an hour. The national government considers any wage below fifty cents an hour as substandard and has established fifty cents an hour as a minimum wage wherever it has jurisdiction. The University of Illinois wage average, therefore, is far below the national standard for satisfactory wages. Even in com-

parison with other state universities, the University of Illinois is put in an unfavorable light. For example, the University of Wisconsin has established fifty cents an hour as a minimum wage.

There have been some pay raises, of course. There are in the school's budget specific allowances for raises in wages. These apply chiefly to regular outside help. When the wages of the regular help are raised, those of the student are raised proportionally. It has been the custom, however, to keep student wages at approximately half those of the regular help who do the same kind of work. This great variation in the pay for the same work is, of course, unfair.

The unfairness of these tactics naturally influences the working hours of a student. Most students do not work for the fun of it. They work because they must pay for at least part of their expenses. Low wages mean long hours. Many students have had to maintain two or more jobs in order to continue their education. A student's time is valuable; the longer he works, the less time he has to spend on his studies. Conditions such as these on a university campus are obviously not conducive to the development of a successful student, and so in the light of these facts it is rather difficult for anyone to maintain that working conditions are satisfactory.

It would be possible, however, for a union of student workers to bring about the desired improvements in working conditions. More than anyone else, the student worker is aware that the problems do exist, but only as a unified group would student workers be able to accomplish anything. A demand for a minimum wage of at least fifty cents an hour could be made, and the students would be strong enough to support their demands. A system of fair working hours and fair wages could be established. There are times when student workers are unable to tend to their jobs. In such emergencies a union could guarantee labor to the employer. A system such as this would benefit both the employer and the student. The employer could be sure of a job being filled at all times; the students who desire to work for short periods of time would be satisfied.

A federation of student workers is not something entirely new on a university campus. The high wage standards of the University of Wisconsin are due to the organized efforts of a student union, and the same can probably be said for several other universities. Any unified efforts of Illinois students, therefore, would not be blind and groping as several people seem to think. Rather, such efforts would be based upon the knowledge and experience gained by other unions—student unions as well as other labor organizations.

The final success of any federation of working Illini students, however, will depend upon the serious support of the students themselves. Without support, no organization can possibly be successful.

Age of Thunder

By Frederic Prokosch

MIRIAM GRAHAM

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1944-1945

FREDERIC PROKOSCH'S *AGE OF THUNDER* IS AMPLE evidence that beautiful writing is not enough. Few living writers can handle the English language with more distinction than this poet turned novelist. Even Thomas Mann has paid tribute to the Prokosch prose. But, I think Prokosch's isolated talent of turning exquisite sentences or fashioning fabulously beautiful passages (sometimes several pages in length) actually destroys his chances of achieving greatness. His character development, plot construction, and even intellectual honesty tend to disappear in a purple mist of liquid syllables.

Prokosch's novel pictures the life and death struggles of the maquis in the Haute-Savoie during the years of French underground resistance. Jean-Nicolas, a loyal parachutist spy, dropped for vague reasons of collecting information, dreams his way toward the Swiss border on a magic carpet of Prokosch philosophizing. Later, Jean-Nicolas is betrayed to a German officer by a shadowy caricature named Robinson. That this Robinson or the German commandant would entertain and edify this obvious spy with long and rather juvenile philosophical essays sounded unreal to me.

I do not believe that three mountain gangsters who waylay Allied sympathizers would talk like three versions of Prokosch while planning the murder of Jean-Nicolas. And I do not believe that Susanna, the convenient virgin who tosses the conventions aside like the "winter garment of repentance" upon meeting Jean-Nicolas, would talk or act as she did. In fact, the whole novel is Prokosch any way you cut it.

Incidentally, logical readers who have an eye for detail will want to know why the Swiss border was always a line of hills as these poetic escapists approached it, and how it suddenly became a river when they reached it. But Prokosch, in his illogically slap-happy approach to the problem, undoubtedly thinks such matters are beneath his attention. Personally, I think Prokosch better stick to poetry.

The only good points I can see about the whole book are the beautifully written passages and the romantic backdrops. However, the reader wants to know how the maquis operated, how the Germans and the collaborationists countered their efforts, and what men would do, think, and say under such circumstances. It is here that Prokosch evades the issue and covers it up with his philosophizing.

The Plant

I can remember a time when my mother's daily trips to meet my father after he had finished work held a great fascination for me. Father works at a large oil refining plant, the sight of which once filled me with awe, but which has long since become simply "the plant."

Every day during the summer months Mother and I would park in the hot, unshaded lot amid other cars full of waiting wives and children. Before us was the electrically controlled gate of the high iron fence that surrounded the plant, vigilantly watched over by a uniformed guard. The gate would slide back frequently to admit a lumbering red tank truck with TEXACO across its fat sides, or Homer Etchison and his team of roan Belgians and his clattering wagon. From the squat brick clock house at the left of the gate came the ding of the time clock as homeward-bound workers streamed past it punching time cards.

In one direction the tank farm spread out, its storage tanks looking like gigantic shiny silver pillboxes gleaming in the afternoon sun. In another stood clumps of high towers and strange frameworks of stills and other complicated and mysterious structures. In still another direction, parallel with a stagnant creek, ran several tracks on which were gray tank cars expectantly awaiting the wheezing engine that would round them up and send them on their way. High above all of this an electric sign frowned down through the smoke, steam, and oppressive, oily-smelling atmosphere to spell out THE TEXAS COMPANY and to hold aloft its neon red star and great T trademark.

After we had waited fifteen or twenty minutes, my father would appear from around a corner of the new, brick office building, walk past a jumbled heap of blackened oil drums and pieces of machinery, enter the clock house, pass through the gate, and greet us with his customary smile and "Hello. How's things?" Texaco's best products pulsed through the engine of the car as we turned our backs on the plant for one more day. — NANCY BRUCE

And Before Breakfast

It was a bright cheery morning, and it made the kitchen, despite its lack of intelligent arrangement, a pleasant place to prepare breakfast. I watched the two eggs fry. They were for my brother, who always had to have his eggs done specially; he had convinced me that I was the only one in the family who could do them properly. Mom was fussing at him about going too far with his food obsession, and I knew that he was just leading her on with a word of protest here and there. Going to the door, I noticed that my father hadn't come to breakfast yet; so I called him again. This time we heard him starting to move around. Returning to the stove, I saw that the eggs were done and, putting them on a plate, I placed the dish before my brother's appreciative eye. Upstairs, suddenly and violently, my father began sneezing. Hardly had the sound died away when, like tiny staccato footsteps, came the sound of something walking. My brother's face was one of sheer amazement and choked mirth. Turning in his seat, he gasped, "Daddy's teeth!" There at the turn of the step lay a grinning upper plate laughing back at us. Never have I heard anyone laugh as hard as we did, so sudden and startling was the unexpected vision. My father, on coming down stairs and picking them up, asked sourly, "What's so funny about it?" Silence fell, but as I placed his plate before him, the eyes of the family met over his head in suffocated laughter.—GLADYS SORESEN

Rhet as Writ

One day I stopped, sat myself down, moved back and looked myself over.

. . . .

Memories are started in many ways. Some are started by objects, people, songs, sayings, etc. but they all end in personal thoughts or opinions. That is all memories is, the recalling of people, places, and things. The easiest and best time is at night in bed when every thing is quiet. This is where you loose sleep but have the nicest ones for these usually have more sugar on them than salt. Any time in the day they will pop up and you think, "Oh remember!"

. . . .

If an island lacks active mammals which are their natural enemies, it will have no occasion to fly and it may use this extra energy to grow in size.

. . . .

Off they pedaled down the street on the tantrum.

. . . .

She wonders why she did not marry him at times.

. . . .

Boys and girls seem to be going to the more sloppy side of the clothes line.

. . . .

If you have ever played football you have undoubtedly experienced a weak, sick feeling in the pit of your stomach which is present at the beginning of all games.

. . . .

Robert Young played the role of the flyer whose face was badly disfigured with great emotion and understanding.

. . . .

Some [of the girls] are married and others quite busy. Still they have that moral effect on me, though not as much as the boys.

. . . .

Some people go into the war trying to remember what your girl looks like.

Honorable Mention

- Gerald Bernstein*—The Fourth Wonder of the World
Lois Anne Braden—Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?
Robert K. Croll—Hypnotism, Black Sheep of the Sciences
Charles Endress—Battle for Vincennes
Ethelyn Fink—Imp of the Perverse
Elizabeth Ann Gaebe—*Dragonseed* by Pearl Buck
Jack Gomberg—Living under Pressure
Romona Hart—The Strength of My Father
Lillian Gilbert—The Goateed Fuehrer
Doris Holsman—Our Japanese Americans
Betty F. Lipari—Napoleonic Régime in Italy (1796-1814)
Charles G. Moertel—A Date for the Prom
Charlys J. Moser—A Glance at the Great Toscanini
Heinz G. Neumann—Master of the Baton
Betty Lee Sing—Shih-hua Shan
Marilyn Stern—The King of Swoon
Walter F. Stuenkel—A Short History of American Glass
from 1609-1900

